

THE HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

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We copy the following, not alone for its beauty and interest as a poem, but also because of its having been a great favorite of the late President Lincoln, who has been supposed by many persons to have been its author. This, however, is a mistake; the author's name, we believe, was William Knott:

Mortality.

O, why should the spirit of mortal be prey'd?
Like a swiftest-winged water, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a breath of the wave,
We pass from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
The infant around, and together lie laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that died, and the child that died,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The infant, all whose shade, on whose bough, in whose eye,
Shows beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the mind of the living erased.

The hand of the King that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whom life was slow and to reap;
The herdsman, who clambered with his goat to the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread;
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoys the communion of Heaven,
The sinner who suffers the curse of earth;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and weed,
That withers away to other shores succeed;
The multitude comes, even then we behold,
To repeat the same tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same streams, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;
From the depths we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;

To the life we are clinging, they also would cling;

But it speaks from us like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;

They shamed, but the heart of the hapless is cold;

They grieved, but an ear from the chamber will come;

They grieved, but the length of their gladness is short;

They died, yet they died; we things that are now,

Who walk on the earth like us, their heirs;

Who make in their dealing a transient shade;

Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yes, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sadness and calm;

And the smile and the tear and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

"Tis the with of an eye, "the draught of a breath,
From the blower of health in the pulses of death;

From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

Where is God?

"Oh, where is the sea?"—she flocked cried,

As they saw the crystal ocean through,

"We've found it at end of the world's tail,"

And we long to look on the waters blue;

The wife once speak of the infinity sea;

"Oh, who can tell if such there be?"

The last few up in the morning bright,

And song and banjo on sunny wings;

And this was its song: "I see the light,

I look over the world of beautiful things;

But singing and singing everywhere,

In vain have I searched to find the air."

—Judas Strong.

VARIETY.

Brigham Young's widows are about to publish a book called, "The Husband of Ours."

What is the difference between charity and a tailor? The first covers a multitude of sins; the latter a multitude of sinners.

"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century; woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." We can't guess her, but we'll never give her up—no, never!

"Doctor, my daughter seems to be going blind, and she's just getting ready for her wedding too! O, dear me, what is to be done?" Let her go right on with the wedding, madam, by all means. Anything can open her eyes, marriage will."

"Sir," said a hypochondriac patient, while describing his symptoms to Atherton, "I feel a pain in my side when I put my hand to my head." And this was its song: "I see the light,

"Then, sir," exclaimed the mild physician, "why does the doctor put your hand to your head?"

"Will these goods wear well?" asked she of the clerk. "Oh, yes, ma'am," was the reassuring response, "they will last as long as there is a bit of them left." She seemed satisfied, and the girl clerk sold a large bill of the material, as well as the women.

The attitude of Europe toward Turkey reminds one of the old caricature in which the housewife is represented as coming into the poultry yard with the remark, "My dear chickens, I was just thinking whether I would have you served up roast or stewed." Whereupon the chickens respond, "But we don't want to be killed!" "Ab! my dear chickens," says she, "you wander from the point."

"If you are stung by a wasp, while picknicking," says a trifling paragraph, "apply the end of a cigar which has been chewed for a few moments to the wound." Young ladies should remember this, and always chew the end of a cigar a few moments and place the "seed" in their pockets before starting on a picnic. The chewing process will make them so sick, that they will not want to go to the picnic, and thus they will escape being stung by a wasp.

He sits alone in his father's parlor, waiting for the fair one's appearance, the other evening, when his little brother came cautiously into the room, and gliding up to the young man's side, held out a handful of something, and earnestly inquired: "I say, Mister, what's that?" "This?" replied the young man, solemnly, taking up one in his fingers—"these are beans." "There you!" shouted the boy, turning to his sister, who was just coming in, "I knew you lied. You said he didn't know beans, and he does too." The young man's "say was not what you call a prolonged one that evening.

John Grimes in his "Stray Papers," tells the following story of the London street Arab: "We once saw the Strand thrown into terror, confusion and distress by the unaided wit of two boys. It was one of those foggy, damp December evenings, when the lamps look like blured moon, and objects twenty yards off are all but indistinguishable. These playful youths had got a suit of old clothes, and some straw, out of which they had made an image sufficiently like a man to pass muster in that uncertain light. With this, counterfeiting the action of affectionate sons leading home a beloved but烹煮 father, they would suddenly appear in front of some passing carriages, and then, affecting to lose all sense of mind, allow their helpless parent to fall amidst under the horses. The scene may be imagined. Terror of the passengers, horror of the driver, horses down, through having been sharply turned aside or pulled over by the gay pavement, general agitation, which culminated at length when an umbrella, with more way on than usual, actually passed over the head, the wretched driver of course suffering the mortal agonies of a homicide until relieved by seeing the straw intestines of his victim."

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